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my customers exacted, so that I sometimes even wished that I had taken my friends' advice, and gone into business. My aspirations, my visions, all died away, and I became a mere journeyman portrait painter.

And all this is the fault of the public. By being so absolutely ignorant about art, they actually discourage it. They do not even treat their artists with as much consideration as they do their mechanics. When a person orders a chair to be made, he does not interfere with the man who is to make it, but lets him use his own judgment and knowledge about it. If you ask him why he does not interfere, he will tell you that it is because he does not know anything about making chairs; neither does he know anything about painting portraits. And that is just what I wish to insist upon—the public should know as much about painting as they do about chair-making; that is, when they have found out that an artist draws correctly, and has a sufficient acquaintance with the principles of his art, let him have his own way. If they think he does not know enough, or if they do not like his mode of painting, let them not employ him, and he will either learn more or else take to some other way of making his living. So fully am I impressed with these things, that I have brought up sons in the most unartistic manner imaginable. Not one of them can draw a straight line, nor should I recommend any young man to take up painting as a profession, unless he feels himself decidedly capable of following some other branch of it besides portrait painting.

THE sciences of which the study affords the greatest exercise to the understanding, are not those whose principles are the most fixed and demonstrable, as, for instance, natural philosophy or mathematics; but such as involve a degree of fluctuation, and require the balancing of probabilities, as political or mental philosophy, ethics, or human nature in its individual manifestations. To borrow an illustration from the fine arts: the former may be compared to the capitals of Corinthian columns, or friezes of regular proportions, which, however necessary or ornamental, demand no invention or fancy in the architect, but only adherence to a model, with a certain amount of mechanical skill. The latter resemble the Arabesque or old Gothic embellishments, the draperies and more intricate combinations of beauty, which requires not only a wider range, but a loftier order of talent.—*Chulow.*

A FRIEND of mine happened one day to visit a Carthusian. It was in the month of May, and the garden of this solitary man was covered with flowers, along the borders and walls, while he sat retired in his room, a stranger to the beautiful spectacle. "How happens it," said my friend to him, "that you have closed your shutters?" "I do it," replied the Carthusian, "that I may meditate, without interruption, on the attributes of the Divinity." "And you expect," rejoined my friend, "to discover more striking attributes of the Divinity in your reflections than in contemplating the works of nature at this delightful season? If you will take my advice, you will open your shutters, and close your imagination."—*St. Pierre.*

THE LADY OF THE HARP.

[A version for the CRAYON of the *Traum-Novelle* in the *Wanderbuch* of Franz Dingelstedt, published in Leipzig in 1839.]

I.

"Look o' here, ladies and gentlemen—a veritable gem, and the master-piece of this year's exhibition!" Thus, with the appreciatory tone of a *dilettante*, the old counsellor cried out, as he planted himself before the painting at a suitable distance, chosen with all knowledge of effect, and in the midst of a circle of observers, before whom, with great indefatigableness, he was playing the part of a *cicerone*.

"Magnificent! wonderful!" was whispered about the group—for the old counsellor was thought such a *connoisseur* that no one hesitated to follow his lead.

"What a vigorous and nervous pencil! What rich colors to the flesh and garments!" drawled out a couple of fops, as they lowered their *lorgnette*, and drew proudly back into the region of their cravats, happy in the belief that they had made a hit in their remark. Another one of your fine wits was glad to discover the picture to be a costly one, and, with a flourish of his pencil, which he held in readiness as he went through the catalogue of the sale, marked down a bold *nota bene* against the number.

The picture hung near a window, so that a full and advantageous light was thrown upon it. It represented, in life-size, a maiden of some sixteen years, holding a harp in her arms. Her dark and glossy hair lay in a wavy outline about a face that was pale, while the head was bent a little to one side, and one felt the steady glow of her deep black eyes beneath their long lashes. Her small white fingers played languidly with the strings of the instrument. The design was certainly very simple. It seemed to be rather a portrait than a fancy-piece, so real and warm lay the glow of life upon the features. The details and accessories were of no account—merely a black silk robe that brought out so much the better the transparency of the rest, and heightened the effect of the half-naked arm. The harp and background were put in with a few hasty strokes. The art of the piece was concentrated in the features of the girl, which were wonderfully beautiful. One could hardly cease gazing at those soft-brown, deep-reaching eyes—like stars of a rapturous and mild spring night, they looked out from that pale and gentle face. A quiet pensiveness—like a breath, like a veil—seemed to overlie its expression, and those fresh lips looked as if they were moving in secret converse, or were faintly uttering some unknown song.

The counsellor and his troop had now left the picture, and I heard his voice at the other end of the hall, where with two words he pronounced a death-judgment on a landscape. He went about like the showman of a menagerie, marking with his finger the different pictures, working himself with hand and foot into a glow of perspiration, and was doubtless very happy.

I thanked heaven he was out of the way, and for the few

quiet moments in which I was free to enjoy the painting once more; for it had made a deep impression upon me. Here, in a large and strange city, where the hollow windows of the stone houses seemed to peer at me like malignant eyes, I had quite buried my being in the gentle maiden of this picture. Every morning, when admittance was allowed, I pledged myself to pass a few minutes before this picture; it seemed like a quiet remembrance—a flood of sombre thoughts, of remembrances of home and youth, and all that was sweet and child-like in life seemed to stream upon me from that maiden's eyes.

As I was now retiring into reverie in view of it, two ladies walked before me, arm in arm, and stopped to look at it for a long time. One was a large, plump *blonde*; the other was by no means such. The former threw a hasty glance about her, and observing no one near her but myself, turned to her companion, and said, in French, "See, Nanny, this is it! This picture is the whole cause of my unhappiness. Giuseppe has sacrificed me for it."

What the smaller replied, I do not know, for before they could go on with their talk, a tall man entered, and, with his arms crossed on his back, and sunken down head he walked to the picture. His dark eyes, which gleamed forth in an almost unearthly manner, were fastened upon the picture, and his thin lips seemed murmuring an inarticulate story. He paid not the slightest attention to anything else, nor did he observe the two ladies, who shrunk back as in terror at his approach, or how the larger, with an expression of deep pain, watched the motion of his features, and seemed, by some viewless charm, to be chained to the spot, which still visibly burned, as it were, under her feet. In the mean while, people had gathered in groups about him, only they kept at a shy distance. A low whisper run among them, and fingers were pointed, and all gazed at the picture, or still more at the strange observer of it.

The picture had interested me before, but now my curiosity was excited about it in no common way. After a few minutes' silence, the *blonde* approached the man, and laying her hand lightly upon his folded arms, said, in a low and loving voice, "Giuseppe," when he, as if awakened from a dream, stroked his high brow with a groan, and, observing the girl near him, tenderly kissed her hand, when, giving one more long look at the picture, he pressed through the crowd about him, and vanished. I then determined to trace out this secret story.

My luck brought me upon the counsellor, who had left his followers, and was casting his eye about the room to find somebody to decoy. I advanced to him with a very humble bow, gave him to understand I was a stranger, but that his name was already known to me as a lover of the arts, and begged that he would tell me something of the painter of our picture, and solve the mystery of the recent scene.

"My dear sir," replied the hanger-on, as he lay his arm upon mine, "it is a sad story, indeed, but highly poetical.

Understand, this Giuseppe, as we generally call him here, came to reside among us some five years ago. His reputation as a distinguished painter preceded him, and opened to him a brilliant reception in the first circles. He understands his art. Have you seen his *Lady of the Harp*? Superb, say I—superb!" and then he went on in rapturous eulogy of the picture, till I stopped him by asking after the painter of it.

"A wonderful man—a genuine artist!" he continued, with a shrug of the shoulders. "He bears himself very carelessly, speaks as an Italian very horrible German, paints only as he is inclined, and not to fulfill commissions—since he has a considerable private fortune—shuts himself up by day, and takes poetic walks at night—an artist, worthy sir, in every sense—an artist with all the superiorities and deficiencies of his kind!"

"But this picture?" asked I, as I led him aside to a window-niche, that he might not escape me, or dart off upon something irrelevant.

He replied, "Giuseppe has, up to now, sent to each of our exhibitions only one picture—but a master-piece. Generally, he has chosen for his pencil some gloomy and demoniacal subject—a night-piece, witch-scene, or visions—since the whole being of the man seems to be wild and disordered. This time, he has suddenly given us that female form, and we hardly know whether it is a portrait or a fancy-piece. You have seen the picture yourself, and I shan't bother you with a description, for nobody is competent to describe its nameless magic. I will tell you, however, it is greatly admired by the public, and our prince has already expressed a determination to buy it for his cabinet at any price. But there is a little difficulty here. Giuseppe, pestered with questions and offers, declares that he will part with it on no condition, and becomes angry if any one speaks of purchasing it. Lately, before our exhibition was opened, they found him one day in his room, upon his knees before this picture, his countenance deadly pale and bewildered, and betraying terror in every feature. 'I will not let you!' he cried to the men who had come to carry it to the exhibition; but soon he pushed it abruptly from him, and cried out, 'Take it, take it!' Each morning finds him here before his work, lost in dumb and trembling gaze. Once, as he turned away from it, I heard him—but this is a secret between us—whisper the name of Evelina. I tell you, my friend, there is a mystery about it. I fear it will cost the man his reason. He has a southern irritability, an artist's pride, and these gloomy depths of his nature—believe me, it will come to do good!"

Here our counsellor closed his narrative, and with a piti-ful sigh he looked again on the ominous picture. My own eyes were irresistibly led there, and fixed upon it by a magic power. I thanked the other for his kindly information, and left the hall, full of thought. The odor of the oil-paintings, the rumbling murmur of voices, far and near, the hot and pent-up air in the crowded apartments, together with the tale I had heard, and the things I had seen, had

so bewildered my brain, that I quite needed once more the clear sky and the green trees.

II.

The blonde was the *prima donna* of the Court Theatre, and lodged on the Jacobsplatz. In her window stood a yellow canary bird in the midst of large green plants, through which, at times, a pair of deep blue eyes gazed down upon the living street. The canary sung, and beat its wings, and sprang from bar to bar in its cage; the flowers trembled and bloomed like sisters, and the maiden sat among them like their nightingale, the charmer of all, even as the queen of the night she would often sing. Then the canary would seem to belie its lower nature, pressing forward its head and hearkening, with its clear eyes fastened upon her. The people in the street below would stop, hold their breath, and, looking to one another, say, "Who can it be?"

Jettchen might have had many a lover, had she not been a soprano. However, the street under her window was by no means deserted. Officers clattered by with their spurs and sabre-sheaths; citizens clicked their canes upon the pavement. Friendly and hostile looks met in cross fire at the left hand corner window, where she usually sat. When she went to the theatre or returned from rehearsal, hangers-on of all degrees followed her at all possible distances—aged striplings and youthful veterans—hack scribblers and speculating philosophers. Jettchen was a queer girl. She took no notice of any of them. She met them friendly enough, discarded none, nor urged any on. Once, when the besieging of her window was too suspicious, she dropped its white curtain, and threw herself on the sofa for a few minutes' laugh, or lost to all thoughts of it, half sung an *aria* through. At the ball or in company, surrounded by satellites, she only seemed the more pure and harmless, and her very presence put all under unaccustomed restraint, so that the most blushing compliment, that had long been growing, would freeze on the bearded lips of the bold soldiers. She was a beautiful singer, and yet let her praises be sung so unwillingly. She was *fêted* as an actress, and had so little of the actress about her. She appeared upon the stage as if at home, and at home as if upon the stage. Ah! how the dandies about town writhed that none of them had received a nosegay from her, a note, or some other token. There was not even a single kiss for them to deceive one another about. The tea-parties and the cliques were driven almost to despair; there was not an interesting story about the girl to be found, not a single bit of scandal—it was too bad!

Ah! ye noble glances, and spectacles, and lorgnettes! could ye have seen at times through those green window-blinds, when the lamps were lighted, within that chamber, where Jettchen dwelt with her canary and her strange flowers! There sat she, almost every day, with a pale, large man, and the two would have their hands clasped, and they whispered to one another, and enfolded each other

in their arms, and kissed, till the envious canary would prate at them with its scolding voice.

And he was Giuseppe. He had not been long from Italy, when Jettchen became known to him, at first on the stage, and next in society. The proud man, who had never before in his life loved anything but his art, grew pale. He sought the singer willingly and often, because she could talk with him in the language of his idolized country. But this illusion did not last long. He soon found he could not give a single stroke, or clothe a single thought in the right colors, if he did not derive the power from Jettchen's look or word. The maiden, however, took no pride in it. But he asked her—and it was about the harvest season, when the leaves had fallen, and hearts were touched with sorrow—and she confessed to him that she loved him.

Pious Kuhnach! in thy Book of Devotions is no such love treated of. Thou talkest of holy matrimony. But, worthy Kuhnach, thy book is not written for a man who is an artist and from Rome; nor for an opera-singer, who had hurled back a thousand honorable and dishonorable offers, because she was a great artist, and knew that she must give her love to her art!

Alas! now she loved him so, her Giuseppe; she gave her whole being to him; and he quite cast off the rigid reserve with which early sorrows had hedged in the tender man. How her heart beat, as at the accustomed hour, she heard his step upon the stairs! How that mouth, so rich in songs, overflowed with the mildest and most musical words of love! There, too, he sat, and buried himself in the luminous depth of her eyes, and with the enraptured gaze of an artist, drank in the beauty and symmetry of her features, until he waxed weary with delight, and was blinded by the sight. Then he would sink dreamingly by her side, and his black locks would rise and fall on the heaving of her bosom—a haven of sweet repose for the bewildered, homeless, and weary pilgrim.

III.

Thus he had dreamed on well-nigh two years in his artist-love. He had said not a word of marriage, nor of means of support. She had never sent him a ring, figured with two clasped hands, or marked with two names, or made of a serpent biting its tail. Betrothed they were not—they merely loved! And the whole story was known about town? No, although it were the residence of the Court, and Jettchen a *prima donna*, and Giuseppe had an ardent head which could not deceive, but only be silent. No, the town knew nothing of it.

Then it happened that Giuseppe returned from a three months' journey through the south of France, and did not, on the same evening, repair to Jettchen's lodgings, but shut himself up for eight days in his studio, without admitting any one to his presence excepting an old servant, a Neapolitan, who could neither speak nor understand a single word of German. Jettchen had seen his name among the "arrivals" in the newspaper. On the first day

she kissed it, and flung it high in the air in her joy. On the second day she shook her head, and thought it must have been an error of the press. On the third, she wept over it, but her hot tears could not blot out the letters of that beloved name, and she threw it more composedly aside. But Giuseppe came not. On the fourth day she wrote to him, "Has Giuseppe returned to or left his Jettchen?" and she sent it through her maid-servant, who knew the painter. The blue envelope was brought back unopened, and her maid grew angry with the man who had left her mistress, and broke forth into abuse of his stupid, awkward valet.

On the sixth evening after the artist's return, Jettchen dropped her curtain, lighted her lamp, and waited long—long—long—till she could stand it no more—she was so feverish and sad. Then she took her oldest mantle from her wardrobe, put her maid's hat upon her fair brow, and walked out, that cool, starlit autumn night, and went straight to the garden-house where Giuseppe dwelt. She slipped cautiously by the servant, who was asleep in the hall, and proceeded straight to his master's chamber. The house was deathly still, with a gloom like death. Oh! how her bosom heaved as she lay her quaking hand upon the latch, and gently lowered her head till her eye was at the key-hole. Within, all—all was still. "Giuseppe," she murmured, at first slowly, and with scarce a sound, almost like a spirit; and then quick and restless, finally longing and sorrowing like a nightingale astray.

And see! quickly and violently the door of the chamber flew open, and the artist stepped wildly out, his hair disordered, his cheeks pale, his lips convulsed, upon which the name of Evelina seemed to stay. He saw the maiden by the light of the lamp which he held in his hand, and quivering and weak she stood before him, her trembling arms stretched toward him, when, loudly moaning, he threw himself suddenly on his knees, and there lay before the girl, who bowed speechless over him, and buried her burning brow in his hair.

Things looked strangely in the artist's room. His journey-bags lay unopened about the floor; and only in the midst was there an open space, where stood an easel, surrounded by the appliances of his art. There he had painted, long and unceasingly. One could know it from his inflamed eyes, which, for a long time, had known no sleep, and from his pale and sunken features.

After a long pause, Giuseppe seized her hand, and led her slowly to the easel, and directed her eyes to the painting upon it. It was the *Lady of the Harp* in its first draft. Nothing could as yet be seen but the dark, moist eyes, which peered out of the grey and confused background, so clearly and yet so awfully like a pair of suns in a chaotic night. "Evelina!" groaned Giuseppe, out of his deepest bosom, and sank bewildered before the easel, wildly grasping the feet of the singer. Right long she gazed at the sketch, and then, bending gently over the man, she pressed his hand to her heart, which seemed almost to stand still,

and whispered in his ear, "Right, Giuseppe! Better break it than deceive it!" Then silently she went her way homeward.

IV.

Soon afterward, winter came; and it was a very hard and stormy winter. The little window at the corner on the Jacobsplatz had some beautiful flowers in it—but of ice. The green ones behind hung their heads—for they were frozen. The canary let his head droop also. Its mistress lay upon a bed of pain and sickness. Finally she recovered, and sat once more at her old place, and the officers and gentlemen sauntered by, and looked congratulations. When she sang after this for the first time, they threw her green garlands and stale poems.

During her sickness, the artist had come every evening and inquired after the signora's health. The servant-maid would dismiss him with a short answer, and, going to her mistress, who was lying there pale and weak, like a broken rose, sobbing and scolding, would say, "Look here, ma'm'sell, I have always told you that the artist tribe is an accursed one! If you had only taken the Graf, although his nose was a little crooked, or the fat homeopathist!"

Old Kuhbach! thou mayst be quite right. This servant-maid is much of thy opinion.

Shortly after Jettchen's recovery, Giuseppe came to her one evening at twilight. They sat together for a long, long time, and talked; and when they parted, they kissed and wept—she, as well as that proud, strong man. Even the servant-maid wept, who lighted the staircase for him as he went out.

He did not come again, but she often saw him at a distance, and many little notes passed between them. He saw no longer any of his art companions or acquaintances. He kept himself shut up in his studio, and painted upon his *Lady of the Harp*. He finished it in time for the exhibition, which opened in the spring. And the old counsellor extolled it, and the prince wished to buy it.

V.

That Giuseppe was subject to an aberration, was soon the universal opinion; but the nature and the cause of it gave rise to a variety of opinions. It was generally determined that the picture appertained to it in some way, and numerous were the surmises and conjectures. His colleague, the court-painter, so versed as he was in all the mythologies connected with theatre-decorations, likened him to Narcissus, who had fallen in love with his own reflection, and could not understand, in consideration of his own passion for something more substantial, how any one could become enamored of a painting, and one, too, the creation of his own hand. Thereupon he stroked his front with becoming self-gratulation, and thought such a silly affair would never be laid to his charge. A learned advocate found a parallel in the story of the French goldsmith, René Carbillac, who had so great a longing for some of his own works that he had stolen them from their possessors,

and many frightful deeds of murder commenced with the theft. The town-poet made the best use of the affair, and penned for the literary journal of the city a series of sonnets, under the title of "Pygmalion," in which the story of the artist and his picture was treated in rapturous spirit and rhyme.

All the more probability was attached to the belief of the town on account of the many and various scenes which had taken place before the painting in the hall of the exhibition, which was now to close on the 24th of May. I was there one afternoon to take my leave of some of the favorite paintings, prior to my departing from the city. It was a beautiful May evening. During the day, the heavens had wept copiously upon the green earth, but now, in the deep blue of the serenest clearness, they hung over the town and the fragrant mountains. The sun shed its beams mildly through the hall, and the gazing people wandered thoughtfully and quietly about, and most seemed as if they were taking their last look of a place that they were loth to give up forever. I stood by a lofty window, and half looked out on the fresh evening scene, and half upon the paintings which hung upon the walls in all the golden illumination of the latest sunset. Still was the Lady of the Harp there, the loved one, but over it was placed a card, whereon was printed in glaring letters, "SOLD." In an instant the thought seemed to strike me, that this was a slave-mart, and that ticket the designation of one of them.

The clock struck six. The porter came in, and, with a big clanging bell, rung the show to a close. The crowd went reluctantly out, and many turned back to take a lingering look at some especial favorite. As I was going out with the rest, I met Giuseppe, just at the threshold. I had never seen him since the time he stood before the picture in the opening of my story. His countenance, which was then so wild, seemed to-day to be restored to quiet. He was still pale as before, but in his black eyes the flickering fire of insanity had gone out. His step was firmer, his address more gentle. I stopped irresistibly at the door to look back at him and listen. I heard him talking with the overseer of the exhibition, in the room where his picture hung, and requesting that he might remain behind for an hour, to finish a copy which he had commenced; when he dismissed the man with the intimation that he could find his way out with the key, which was intrusted to him, by right, as one of the exhibiting artists. I gave him a long, last look as he sat there before his painting, gazing with a steady and earnest attention. There was a great anxiety in my breast as I went slowly down the broad staircase, and after a few minutes found myself in the street alone.

VI.

On the following morning, the pictures which had been sold were to be brought away from the place of exhibition. I heard of it, and could not deny myself one more sight of the Lady of the Harp. A few persons had already assembled when I got there, and as soon as the overseer opened

the door we went in. I went straight to Giuseppe's picture.

As I opened the chamber a strong and benumbing odor met me. I approached the spot—heavens! The picture lay thrown down upon the floor, and Giuseppe, face down, was stretched out at full length beside it, as if asleep. Near him was his table, with all his artistic implements.

I do not know whether I called for help in this moment, never to be forgotten, oppressed as I was with fright, and with a presentiment of what had happened; but, when I had recovered, both from the startling I had received and from the effects of the atmosphere, a confused group of strange men were gathered around us. Giuseppe still lay upon the floor, but they had turned him over, and exposed a face in death, as cold and white as marble. A physician kneeled near him. He examined him for a few minutes, and then murmured, "He cannot be saved; he has taken prussic acid." A glass phial, which a nearer examination disclosed in the tight grasp of one hand, confirmed his words. The crowd about the body was increasing every second, for a rumor of the affair had shot like an arrow through the street. A magisterial personage was already sitting beside the corpse, and, unravelling the Public Act on the painter's table, with a loud voice read off the *visum repertum*. Suddenly I felt a slight pressure upon my shoulder; I turned and looked, and there stood the old counselor of the exhibition. "Good sir," he whispered, with scarcely a voice, "did I not tell you it would come to this?" and he mechanically thrust out his trembling hand to offer me a pinch of snuff, and under his spectacles I saw two large tear-drops. Leaning upon his arm, I staggered half unconscious from the spot.

That evening a new piece was to be given in the opera-house. By mid-day, the placards informed the town, that owing to the indisposition of the *prima donna*, the performance for that evening would be postponed. A few days later I left the city. As the coach rolled through the Jacobsplatz, my eyes were magnetically drawn to the well-known window of the corner. The flowers were blooming in the sunlight of that May morning, and had fortunately recovered from the frosts of winter. The cage of the canary, however, was hung round with a silken cloth. But through the broad green leaves, Jettchen's sweet and fair face was no longer to be seen—no longer those deep blue eyes and those golden locks. Only the old maid-servant sat at the accustomed place, with a sorrowful and anxious countenance. Her shrunken lips were in motion, and her shaking hand held a thick book, bound with silver. I think she was reading in—Kuhbach.

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* THAT is not freedom where we acknowledge nothing above ourselves; but that is freedom, when we can reverence something greater than ourselves.—Schiller.

We have instincts as true as those of the bee to refuse the evil and to choose the good, if we did not smother them up with nonsense and metaphysics.—Mrs. Jameson